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No. 20.

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# The Dime Novel Detective.

By Wm. Organ.



ADOLPH E. REIM,

Publisher,

MILWAUKEE,

- WISCONSIN.

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A Rural Comedy Farce, in one scene.

By Wm. Organ.

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**ADOLPH E. REIM,**

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**MILWAUKEE, - WISCONSIN.**

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CHARACTERS.

GUS BILKINS.....*A Chore Boy.*  
NOEL WATSON.....*Farmer and Village Constable.*  
JIM WHEATON.....*A Crook.*  
KATE WHEATON.....*His Wife and Accomplice.*  
SADIE MALONE.....*An East Side Product.*

TMP96-006864

# THE DIME NOVEL DETECTIVE.

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SCENE—*Living-room in the WATSON Farm house.*

TIME—*Evening.*

SCENE—*Living-room in the WATSON Farm house. Evening. Doors L. C., L. 4 & R. 4. Interior backings to these. Exterior backing to L. C., representing a farm scene. Window R. C., at back. Desk C., at back. Chair in front of desk. Table C., down stage, chairs at table. Lighted lamp on table. Fireplace and mantel in L. 2 flat. Two looking glasses, a pipe, etc., on mantel. Sofa L., down stage. Other furniture as desired to dress stage. Lights full up.*

*As curtain rises, SADIE MALONE is discovered sweeping and singing. She continues her sweeping and singing for a few seconds, then enter GUS BILKINS R. 4, reading novel, a huge pistol stuck in his pocket or belt).*

*Gus—(Reading novel). Crack, crack, tew tremendous reports shuck the air and bullets flew so clus tew Green Mounting Joe's head, thet they actually cut away a section of his whiskers. (Places novel in his pocket). Mighty, but thet was a clus snave! (To SADIE). Sadie! (SADIE doesn't answer but continues her sweeping and singing). I say, Sadie! (SADIE doesn't answer). Naow hain't thet gal 'nuff tew make a dominie swear? (Turns to SADIE and shouts). Sadie, Sadie!*

*Sadie—(Stopping her sweeping and turning to him). Wot de dickens is de rumpus? Is dere er foire?*

*Gus—Gosh hang it, don't yew hear me tearin' my lungs aout?*

*Sadie—Why, did youse speak ter me?*

*Gus—Did I speak? Dod rot your hide, I hev bin yelling hyar at the top of my voice. But a pusson mought as well speak tew a stun' wall.*

*Sadie—Youse sickly lookin' microbobe, dontcher know any better den ter interrupt er loidy when she's singin'?*

*Gus—Singin'?*

Sadie—Dat's wot I said. Don't youse know dat I'm trainin' fer de stoige?

Gus—What stage? The one thet leaves hyar at six 'cluck fur Brigg's station?

Sadie—(*In disgust, throws the broom down on Gus's toes, Gus hops about on one foot, holding the other*). Naw, naw, yer pie-fac-ed slob! I mean de boards, de footlights. I wants ter be er vaudy-ville star, one of dem big stars dat glimmer erlong Broadway. Why, soy, youse big cheese, youse wanten git wise ter dis vocal apparatus of mine? Wid er little more trainin', I kin make Eva Gangplank, Gangway, Tanguay, or wot ever de dickens her noime is, look like er fried egg in er Kansas cycerlone. Jist cast yer listeners in dis d'rection fer er brief spell and ketch de melodious refrains. (*Strikes a mock operatic attitude and begins to sing*).

Gus—Consarn it, will yew quit thet durn yelpin'? (*SADIE doesn't stop. Gus shouts*). Shet up!

Sadie—On de level, Gus, does yer know dat youse has er sweet voice? Why, wid er voice loike dat youse could be a great star.

Gus—Yew don't say so?

Sadie—Sure 'ting, er star fish peddler.

Gus—Yew air tew durn fresh, yew be! Air Noel back yit?

Sadie—Youse don't see him runnin' eround loose, does yer?

Gus—I s'pose he's goin' tew bring them boarders back with him.

Sadie—Aw, sure t'ing. Youse don't s'pose dere would be any such luck as 'em not comin', does yer? Some of dem high-mucky mucks, I s'pose. Dey gimme er kink in de liver. I wish dey would stay ter hum!

Gus—I'm durn glad they be comin'. Mebbe they be the ones thet swiped Zeb Holden's gray goose.

Sadie—Wat erbout Zeb Holden's gray goose?

Gus—Hain't yew heard?

Sadie—Nope!

Gus—Someone swiped Zeb's gray goose night afore last, and he's goin' tew gimme a quarter if I find him. Yew know I want tew be a great 'tective.

Sadie—Youse wanten be, da'ts as far as you'll ever git.

Gus—Air thet so? Yew wait, yew'll see my name in the papers some day!

Sadie—Sure, in de obituary.

Gus—A pusson can't talk sense with yew nohow. I tell you I'm goin' tew be a great 'tective, like them I reads about in de novels. This air goin' tew be my fust case.

Sadie—Hully gee, dat's goin' er trifle. Sherlock Holmes on de trail of er goose. Does yer t'ink yer kin foind him, Gus?

Gus—S-hh! (*Extravagant BUS; of looking about the room, under furniture, etc., to see if there is anyone to overhear them*). This air strictly confidential.

Sadie—Sure, sure!

Gus—Waal, I faound a clew.

Sadie—G'wan, youse couldn't foind yer way hum on er dark noight.

Gus—I seed the feet prints of a goose in the mud, daown the lane, this mornin'.

Sadie—Remarkable!

Gus—Thet hain't all. I seed the feet-prints of a man, tew.

Sadie—Extraordinary!

Gus—I tuck measurements, noted the shape of the foot, and it proves kunkloosevely thet the man wore shoes, or boots.

Sadie—Wonderful!

Gus—Thet hain't all. I faound this daown the lane, right by the feet-prints. (*Takes a collar-button from his pocket and shows her*).

Sadie—Er collar-button.

Gus—Yulp. The feller thet swiped the goose, undoubtedly lost this.

Sadie—Marvelous!

Gus—I've gut tew ferret this aout, I've gut tew trail daown the feller thet lost this hyar button. Naow, Sadie, don't yew breathe one word abaout this. Promise me?

Sadie—(*Dramatically*). Youse kin trust me wid yer loife, Dr. Watson!

Gus—Dew yew know when Noel will be back, Sadie?

Sadie—As soon as he returns, I reckon.

Gus—Yew be tew durn smart. I kain't waste no more of my valyable time on yew. I gut tew finish this hyar novel. I'm on the last page naow. They hev gut Green Mounting Joe in clus quarters, I want tew see if he 'scapes. (*Takes novel from his pocket and sits on sofa*).

*Sadie*—Cut dat out. Clear outer here, and git me an arm full of wood. There hain't er stick in de wood-box. (*Gus doesn't answer, decply engrossed in his novel*). Soy! Are youse goin' ter git dat wood?

*Gus*—No! Kain't yew see I'm bizzy?

*Sadie*—We'll see erbout dat. (*Picks up broom*). Youse lanter jawed, freckle-faced shrimp, don't youse git gay wid me. I'll push yer solar-plexus clear above yer collar-bone. I hain't loike Jim Jeffries, I'll show yer dat I kin come back, and come back strong. I don't 'low no sickly lookin' rube ter soy wots which ter me. Now youse mosey erlong and git dat wood. (*Strikes Gus over the head with the broom*).

*Gus*—Hey! Stop thet!

*Sadie*—Take er sneak, afore I cave in yer belfry! (*Strikes Gus over the head several times, and drives him off L. C., SADIE resumes her sweeping. Gus Xes to window R. C., at back, draws his huge pistol and covers SADIE through the window*).

*Gus*—Whoa, thar, throw up your hands!

*Sadie*—(*Drops her broom, frightened, and throws up her hands*). Oh, lord! Who's dat?

(*Gus laughs loudly and exit*).

*Sadie*—I'll pulverize dat rube yit. (*Resumes her sweeping*).

(*After a pause, NOEL enters L. C., followed by JIM and KATE WHEATON from the L., JIM carrying a dress suit case*).

*Noel*—Waal, *Sadie*, I'm back!

*Sadie*—Wot, again. (*Turns quickly, thinking it Gus that has returned, and strikes JIM over the head with the broom, crushing his hat*).

*Noel*—(*Angrily*). What in thunder dew yew mean by thet? (*Aside, JIM showing his battered hat to KATE. BUS*).

*Sadie*—(*Confused*). Oh, squeeze me, squeeze me, I mean 'scuse me. I t'ought it was dat good-fer-nuthin' Gus Bilkins. He's jist bin here bitherin' de loife outer me wid his dime novel junk. (*To JIM*) I didn't mean dat, 'onest I didn't. I beg yer pudin' I mean pardon!

*Noel*—Yew must be more keerful, *Sadie*. This is Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton, who are tew board with us.

*Sadie*—Howdy! (*Spits on her hand, then wipes it on her dress*



*and extends it to JIM).*

*Jim—(Ignoring her hand).* How do you do? (*KATE turns her back to SADIE*).

*Sadie—(Aside).* Gee, ain't de atmosphere gittin' frigid?

*Noel—*Where is Gus, *Sadie*?

*Sadie—*I sent him out er while ergo, after an arm-full of wood. I s'pose he's out in de wood-shed readin' dat old dime novel.

*Noel—*Hang thet boy. I'd like tew hev the feller by the neck thet 'vented dime novels. (*To JIM and KATE*). But I'll show yew up tew your rum. Jest foller me.

*Jim—*Thank you!

(*Exit NOEL R. I. KATE and JIM cross to R. I. and pause*).

*Jim—(Aside to KATE).* So far, so good. Now for a little clever work, and one hundred thousand dollars is ours.

(*Exit KATE and JIM R. I.*).

*Sadie—*Wot de deuce are dey mutterin' erbout? Dere er sweet pair er pills, dey are. Dey got er dispersion dat would freeze de whiskers off er door-knob. (*Resumes her siveeping*).

(*GUS passes the window at back and enters L. C. with an arm full of wood, and reading novel at the same time. As he enters, he drops the wood on the floor*).

*Sadie—(Dropping the broom, frightened).* Sufferin' tom-cats! Wot's dat? Oh, it's youse is it? Does yer wanter scare me out er year's growth?

*Gus—*Yew be easily skeert, yew be. Never seed a woman thet hed any sand anyhow. Yew would make a great 'tective. It takes a man with plenty of sand tew be a great 'tective, like me fur instance. (*Throws out his chest*).

*Sadie—*Well shiver me timbers! Ketch onter dat. Youse fer instance. Youse ain't got as much sand as our dominick rooster! Why yer skart outer yer wits ter go ter de village after dark, so don't be slinging us none of dat cheap trash. Soy, youse pick up dat wood and hike it ter de kitchen where it berlongs, and don't stop ter pick flowers eider.

*Gus—*Pick it up yourself. Kain't yew see I'm bizzzy? (*Sits on sofa and reads novel*).

*Sadie—*BUSY doin' wot?

Gus—Readin' this novel tew be course. It be a brand new one. I jest gut it offen young Zeke Holden. Gosh, I bet she be a ripper.

Sadie—Wot's dee noime of it?

Gus—Hair-lip Dave, the cock-eyed dectective, or knock-kneed Bill's last stand.

Sadie—Dat's er healthy title. Soy, bone-head, are youse goin' ter pick up dat wood?

Gus—No!

Sadie—Wot's dat? (*Strikes him with broom, knocking him off sofa*). Don't git lippy wid me. (*Yes over and gives him a kick*). Now youse pick up dat wood and beat it. I'll learn youse who's de big noise in dis shebang!

(Gus scrambles over and picks up wood and exits R. 4. SADIE Yes over to R. 1. and siccceps rigorously, raising a dust. NOEL enters R. 1., coughs and succces).

Noel—For heaven's sake, gal, stop makin' so much dust. Air super ready?

Sadie—Sure, she's bin ready for half an hour. I'll go in and put on de finishin' touches.

(Yes toward R. 4. GUS enters R. 4., bumps against SADIE, SADIE takes him by the collar, gives him a slap. GUS rolls over and over on the floor, strikes NOEL knocking him against table).

Sadie—Slide under him Kelly, dat's de game. Gee, if Muggsy McGraw could only see youse now! (*Exit R. 4.*).

Noel—Drat your hide! (NOEL kicks at GUS, misses him and kicks the chair, then hops about holding his foot. GUS scrambles to his feet and runs off L. C. to the R. Enter KATE and JIM R. 1. SADIE R. 4.).

Sadie—Supper is ready!

Noel—All right, Sadie, gal.

(Exit SADIE R. 4.).

Jim—Where did you get that girl, Mr. Watson? Her style is very much New York.

Noel—Thar's whar I gut her. About four years ago, my wife died. (*Takes handkerchief from his pocket and wipes eyes*). Then I had tew look fur someone tew keep haouse fur me. So I advertised in the New York paper and this gal answered it. She has bin with me ever since.

*Jim*—(*Aside to Kate*). A girl from New York, we must be careful.

*Noel*—Come folks, we'll go in and hev supper. (*Exit R. 4*).

*Kate*—Everything is working well so far.

*Jim*—Yes indeed. One hundred thousand dollars, eh? That is a neat little sum. This is about the best game we have played in some time.

*Kate*—Yes, and the most dangerous.

*Jim*—Not necessarily. If we are careful there isn't any great danger.

*Kate*—Let us go over this thing again. This business needs rehearsing well, it won't do to make any slips.

*Jim*—Quite right!

*Kate*—Heavens, isn't it warm here? Let's go over by the window where there is some air. (*They cross to the window and sit*). You say your uncle leaves his entire fortune to this child, if it can be found?

*Jim*—No, no. That's the point I can't seem to make you understand. Uncle left two hundred thousand dollars. One hundred thousand goes to this child, if she can be found, the other goes to the orphan asylum. If the child isn't found by the first of next month, the entire two hundred thousand goes to the orphan asylum.

*Kate*—I see, and it's up to us to find the child—I mean one to take her place.

*Jim*—That is the idea.

*Kate*—What a pity your dear uncle forgot you in his will.

*Jim*—The old devil knew me too well. I did stand a slight chance for a little dip of it until that forgery business—

*Kate*—S-hh! Walls have ears, even in this out-of-the-way-place.

*Jim*—You're right. Now you see I'm hopelessly out of the running. The child gets half of it, if found, if not it all goes to the orphan asylum.

*Kate*—A peculiar piece of business. Haven't they any idea where the child is, or what ever became of her?

*Jim*—Not the remotest. Her parents died when she was very small, and she drifted away and all trace of her was lost. She may be dead, she may be living, no one knows.

*Kate*—If alive, is there any way in which her identity could be proven?

*Jim*—Yes, her father was a queer fellow, and shortly after the child was born, he had her name, Bessie Clayton, tattooed on her back, so in case of accident or anything of that kind, she could be easily identified.

*Kate*—I begin to see more clearly. As far as I can see, there is only one draw back, that is the real Bessie Clayton turning up. About how old would she be if living?

*Jim*—Eighteen or nineteen.

*Kate*—I'm a little too old to pass for her, but Flossie could do it.

*Jim*—Certainly! With the name Bessie Clayton tattooed on her back, it looks like plain sailing. Of course, there would be some legal wrinkle to go through, but Hickman can fix us up, he has always stood by us in the past. It looks pretty rosy to me, providing, as you say, that the real girl doesn't turn up, and there isn't much fear of that.

*Kate*—But they have offered a reward of five thousand dollars. That is a tempting bait for the best detectives in New York.

*Jim*—Bah! Don't let that worry you. That bunch of detectives couldn't catch cold on a winter's day. I have a hunch that the girl is dead, anyway. Let's see, we have about three weeks yet before we begin hostilities. That will give us a good rest here in this quiet little place, and also give the authorities a chance to cool off about that other matter. It will also give my beard a chance to grow, and wipe out all trace of recognition.

(*NOEL enters R. 4*).

*Noel*—Come, come, folks, your supper will be stun' cold.

(*JIM and KATE rise*).

*Jim*—I beg your pardon, Mr. Watson, we didn't mean to keep you waiting. Have you finished supper?

*Noel*—Yes, but don't pay no 'tention tew me. I wasn't very hungry. I had a plate of beans while waitin' fur your train.

(*Enter Gus passes window at back, very excited, flourishing his pistol and shouting wildly, enters L. c. Extravagant BUS*).

*Gus*—Whoop! I'm tornado Bill, the terror of the mountings. I'm an all-fired bad man when my mad is up. Why, I eats a man every

twenty-four hours, and it's durn nigh grub time. Whoope! Look aout fur me, I'm a comin'!

(*Stalks over to KATE and JIM flourishing pistol and drives them off R. 4. NOEL laughs. GUS looks around cautiously and ttp-toes o-ver to NOEL.*)

GUS—S-hh! I gut a 'spicion.

Noel—'Spicion of what, Gus?

Gus—Them folks.

Noel—(*Laughs*). Oh, pshaw!

Gus—I tell yew Noel, yew want tew keep your eye peeled fur thet couple. I gut a 'spicion thets the feller thet swiped Zeb Holden's goose.

Noel—Nonsense, Gus! Why do yew 'spect him?

Gus—I don't like his looks. Them fellers with mustaches kain't be trusted.

Noel—(*Laughing*). I'm afeerd yew air wrong in your 'spicions this time, Gus. Haow could Mr. Wheaton hev stole Zeb's goose when he only kum up from New York tew-day?

Gus—That mought be so. (*Scratches his head as though perplex-ed*). Howsomever I hain't kunvinced. No siree! (*Xes and exit R. 1.*)

Noel—Poor Gus, them novels will git the best of him yit. (*Xes to mantel takes down his pipe, lights up, Xes stage BUS.*)

Noel—I wonder where to-day's paper is? Hang it, hev they failed tew send it ag'in? (*Shouts*). Sadie! Sadie!

(*Enter SADIE R. 4.*)

Noel—Did tew-day's paper kum?

Sadie—Sure! Lemme see, wot did I do wid it? Oh, I 'member, I put it in yer desk.

Noel—All right, gal, much 'bliged!

(*Exit SADIE R. 4.*)

Noel—(*Xes over to desk and gets paper, then Xes to table and sits*). I wonder what the news air araound New York? (*Looks o-ver paper*). Gosh, thet must be a powerful bizzy place, by the looks of all this news. (*Turns over a page*). Hyars the sporting page,,

baseball, prize-fighting. Oh, what rot! I kain't see haow them young folks kin git so worked up over such rubbish. (*Turns another page*). Hello, what's this? (*Reads*). "One thousand dollars reward. One thousand reward is offered for information leading to the whereabouts of Jim Williams and his wife. Williams is wanted in New York for forgery, while his wife is wanted for shop-lifting and several smaller charges. Signed, the secret service bureau." (*Lays paper on table*). What a blame scalawags there is in this world! Waal I hope they ketch 'um. I 'spose I'll hev tew 'tend tew them hosses, no use waitin' fur thet blame boy tew dew it. (*Exit L. C.*).

(*Gus enters R. L. with Jim's dress suit case. He lays it on the floor, opens it, and ransacks its contents, finds a collar, takes the collar button from his pocket fits it to the collar, growing very excited as he does so*).

*Gus*—It fits this hyar collar. Jereseulam! I knowed I was on the right track. (*Rises very excited and shouts*). Sadie! Sadie! Kum-hyar quick!

(*SADIE enters R. L.*).

*Sadie*—Wot's de matter wid yer? Got ernother spell?

*Gus*—I've faound the feller what swiped Zeb's goose. Yew 'member I showed yew the collar-button I showed yew thet I faound?

*Sadie*—Sure, wot of it?

*Gus*—Waal, it fits this hyar collar.

*Sadie*—Well sufferin'—soy, youse ain't got as much sense as our one-eyed tom-cat. Youse poor empty-headed freak, don't youse 'spose er collar-button will fit any collar? Youse better put dem duds back where yer got 'em, if youse value dat freckled mug of yers. It's me back ter de kitchen, I don't care ter associater wid sich microbic imbeciles as youse. (*Exit R. 4.*).

*Gus*—I wish I knew what them words meant, I'd git even with her! Makin' fun of my 'tective work, by gum, I guess I know my bizness. Thet's the feller that swiped the goose all right. By gum, I'll show 'em thet I'm some 'tective by gum! If they only knew what I faound aout tew-night, it would make their heads swim. (*Places the things back into the suit-case and hides it under the sofa*). Waal, I gut tew read this hyar novel. (*Takes novel from his pocket and Xes and sits at table*). Gosh, if this hain't the most

thrilling book I ever seed. It gits me tew trembling all over. Let's see, whar did I leave off? (*Turns pages*). Oh, hyar it is. (*Reads novel*). "The night was dark and stormy, distant peals of thunder rent the air, not a single ray of light was visible 'cept the 'casional flashes of lightening. Away out on a lonely road, many miles from any village, a solitary horseman might have been seen riding at break-neck speed. Now and then he might have been heard to say to 'his faithful steed: 'On, on black old boy, only about ten miles more and we shall be at our destination.' At that instant, a flash of lightening lit up the countenance of the lone rider, and behold, we observe the weather-beaten face of our hero, Hair-lip Dave, the cock-eyed detective. At the same instant the distant whistle of the mid-night express was heard. My God! exclaimed Dave, the cold beads of perspiration standing out prominently on his brow, will we be on time? Then a look of grim determination came into his cock-eye. We must, we will, eh hissed through his clenched teeth. On, on, sped the lone rider like the wind, through the terrible night. About ten miles away, near dead man's run, twenty desperate, determined looking men lay crouched in the ravine, just below them lay the railroad track, on the track these heartless villains had placed a huge boulder, it was their intention to wreck the mid-night express. In the distance, a shrill shriek of the express was heard. Here she comes, hissed knock-kneed Bill, for it was he and his desperate gang. Come one, come all, he shouted to his men! Now for blood, money and revenge on Hair-lip Dave. What will the great detective say when he hears of this, remarked Bill with a sardonic chuckle. On, came the express, a moment more and awful destruction. At the same instant, a figure leaped out from the bushes, square in the middle of the track, with one hand he waved his big sombrero hat and signaled the train to stop, in his other hand he held a six-shooter, and held the twenty men at bay. "Damnation!" Reared knock-kneed Bill, we are foiled, and they fled into the darkness. At this instant, the searchlight of the locomotive fell squarely upon our Hero's face, for it was indeed he, Hair-lip Dave, the cock-eyed detective." (*As he finishes reading, Gus is very excited*). Jehosophat! What a 'citin' story. Thet's the best durn story I ever read. Gosh, how I would like tew be a great 'tective like thet!

(*NOEL enters L. C. from L.*)

Noel—So, there yew air. I had tew put up the hosses myself.

Gus—(*Springing to his feet, badly frightened and drawing pistol*). What! Knock-kneed Bill, be thet yew? Curse yew! Make one move, even breathe fur twenty minutes, and I'll blow your eye-brows right off your head!

Noel—Put daown thet gun, yew infernal fule. Yew'll shoot some-buddy yet with your blame monkeying. Air Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton through supper yet?

Gus—(*Putting pistol in his pocket*). Nope! Gosh, what appetites they hev gut. Thar won't be nuthin' left fur breakfast.

Noel—(*Laughing*). Hev no fear, Gus. I reckon I'll go in and see haow they air gittin' along. (*Exit R. 4.*)

Gus—(*Putting pistol in his pocket*). Nope! Gosh, what appetites

Sadie—Aw, cut dat out. If youse keep dat up, youse'll be er fit subject fer de dippy-house. Why don't yer' read suthin' dat's got sense? (*Picks up paper from table*). Here's de New York poiper, I wonder wot's de news? (*Looks at paper*). Soy, rube, youse wants ter be er 'tective, why don't yer try and ferret dat out? Dere's er thousand dolars in it.

Gus—A thousand dollars?

Sadie—Sure 'ting! Put yer peepers on dat. (*Hands him paper, pointing to the forgery case*).

Gus—(*Looking at paper*). A thousand dollars reward for Williams the forger. (*Lays down paper*). Gee whiz! Thet's a pile of money. (*Starts to read his novel, SADIE snatches it from him and hurls it to the floor*).

Sadie—Will youse cut dat out? Fergit it!

Gus—Say, Sadie, the only thing thet kin make me furgit readin' novels is yew.

Sadie—Me, is it?

Gus—Yew know durn well I'm stuck on yew, and if yew will say the word, we will git hitched tew-morrow.

Sadie—Naw we won't neider. Youse don't 'tink I want er good-fer-nuthin' slob like youse hangin' eround, does yer? I can't take care of meself let erlone youse.

Gus—Oh, Sadie, give me a chance.

Sadie—I'll give yer er slam in de kisser. De gink dat pays me board bill fer loife, has got ter show class, style and er few odder miscellaneous trifles.

Gus—Yew want tew git a man made tew order.



*Sadie*—I wants er brave man, one dat knows no fear. I wants er hero.

*Gus*—Yew dew? 'Spouse I git tew be a hero?

*Sadie*—Youse a hero? If youse is er hero, de stock of heroes must be gittin' slim.

*Gus*—Mebbe I won't be a hero, but I'll show yew suthin' thet'll make your head swim, and mebbe sooner than yew think. I gut a trick up my sleeve that'll make yew change your 'pinion of me durn spy. Yew jist wait. Miss Smarty!

*Sadie*—(*Laughing*). All right, Gus. If youse does suthin' worth while, I'll consider yer case. But I'm afraid I'll die of old age. I'm goin' up and try on me new dress. I'll have it on in erbout thirty seconds. Wait 'till yer sees me, mebbe I won't look stunning! (*Exit R. I.*).

*Noel*—(*Off R. 4*). I'm mighty glad yew enjoyed your supper, Mr. Wheaton. Come aout and make yourself tew hum.

*Gus*—Hyar kums Noel. I've gut tew hide, or he'll find some work fur me tew dew. (*Hides under table*).

(*Enter NOEL followed by JIM and KATE*).

*Noel*—I wonder whar thet blame boy is? I guess I'll hev tew dew it myself. Kindly 'scuse me, I've gut tew lock up the hen-roost.

*Jim*—Certainly!

(*Exit NOEL L. C., to L.*).

*Jim*—(*Xing to table and picking up paper*). Why, here is a New York paper. I didn't know they had a New York paper out in this dump. (*Glances over paper and sees the forgery case*). Great Heavens! Read that! (*Hands paper to KATE*).

*Kate*—(*Glancing at paper*). A thousand dollars reward for our capture, eh?

*Jim*—Do you suppose these people will suspect?

*Kate*—Why no, why should they? We are here under an assumed name. I think we are safe enough.

*Jim*—I hope so. If we can stall off the authorities until we have raked in this other fortune, we can skip the country for good.

*Kate*—Let us go to our room and talk it over.

*Jim*—Very well.

(*Xeunt JIM and KATE R. I. GUS crawls out from under table*).

Gus—Great gunners! What do this mean? (*Picks up paper and glances at it*). Great jehosophat! Who would a thunk it? (*Scratches his head as though puzzled*). I kain't onnerstand. By chowder, I see it all naow. Gee whiz! I've gut Sherlock Holmes, Nick Carter, Hair-lip Dave all skinned a mile.

(*Enter NOEL L. C. from L.*).

Noel—Thar yew air. Gosh hang it, when I want yew tew dew a thing, yew air alus' hid away somers'.

Gus—(*Drawing revolver*). Don't yew bother me tew-night, Desperate Dan! I'm a powerful bizzy man tew-night. I'm on the trail and I've jist faound a clew. (*Covers NOEL*).

Noel—Put up thet gun, yew fule!

(GUS drives NOEL off R. 4 then searches about the room for clues. Extravagant BUS.).

Gus—Durn my hide, I'm on de trail, b'gosh. I'll bet a bag of peanuts, thet's the feller thet swiped Zeb's goose. (*Gropes about the floor on his hands and knees near R. I.*).

(SADIE enters R. I. with a different dress that isn't buttoned at the back. She falls over GUS, not seeing him, then scrambles to her feet).

Gus—(*Jumping up and covering her with pistol*). Durn your hide, don't yew know better then tew in'nerupt a man when he's ferretin' aout a case?

Sadie—I'll 'tend ter yer case, youse wrizzled-up shrimp. Trip me up in me new togs!

Gus—(*Putting up pistol*). Gosh, Sadie, yew sartin' look gorgeous in them harness!

Sadie—Some style here, yea bo. But hanged if I kin ketch on ter de combination. Yer has ter be er contortionist ter fasten it on. Here you, make yerself useful, hook me up de back.

Gus—(*Bashfully*). Oh, git aout!

Sadie—Come on, don't stall.

Gus—(*As before*). I don't wanna!

Sadie—Aw, wake up. Where's yer gallantry? Can't yer help er loidy wot's in trouble? Git busy!

Gus—(*Aside*). Gosh, thars no way aout of it! (*Tries to button her waist up the back, and is awkward*). Oh, gosh, I kain't dew it!

Sadie—Aw, wake up. Youse would make a faine 'tective. Hain't got gall ter help er poor unfortunate female wot's in trouble.

Gus—Gosh, I'll dew it, if it kills me. (*Starts to button her dress and discovers the name on her back*). What in tarnation hev yew gut on your back?

Sadie—I dunno, wot is it?

Gus—Why, it be a name writ on your back!

Sadie—Aw, wot yer givin us?

Gus—I say it be tew, it look like it were tattooed on.

Sadie—Dat's er new one on me!

Gus—Didn't yew ever seed it afore?

Sadie—It ain't likely, likely. Does yer t'ink I got er neck loike er swan, dat kin see eround er corner? Wat does it soy?

Gus—(*Spelling out the words*). Bessie Clayton.

Sadie—Bessie Clayton? Hully gee, who's she? Dat's er hot one, me livin' all dese years and didn't know dat was on me. How de dickens did dat git dere? Gimme er couple er lookin' glasses, so I kin git er squint at it. (*Gus Xes to mantel and gets the two looking glasses, then Xes to SADIE*). Now gimme one and you hold de odder one in back of me. (*SADIE holds one in front of her, Gus the other one in back of her, so that Sadie sees the name reflected from Gus's mirror into her own. BUS.*). Gee, it's dere all roight!

Gus—(*Scratches his head as though puzzled, suddenly it dawns upon him, and he rushes about excitedly*). Jereusalem! Great Caeasars ghost! (*Shouts*). Noel! Noel!

(*Enter NOEL R. 4*).

Noel—What in thunder is all this hyar racket?

Gus—(*Covering NOEL with revolver*). Curse yew, Jack Dalton, if yew value your miserable life, bring on thet couple, and let me meet them face to face. Beware! One false move and you're a dead man! I'm Hair-lip Dave, the cock-eyed 'tective, and I'm out fur a ruction. Do as I say, or I'll blow yew intew perdition!

Noel—(*Aside*). Thet durn fule has gut another one of them spells. I'll hev tew humor him I 'spose. (*Exit R. 1*).

Sadie—Soy, youse has gone off de handle fer sure, dis toime!

Gus—(*Striking a mock melodramatic pose*). Silence! Yew she devil! Eighteen long years hev I bin on your trail. I know who yew

air, don't try tew 'ceive me. After eighteen years we meet ag'in, haw, haw! (*Laughs mock sardonically*).

(NOEL enters R. L. followed by KATE and JIM).

Gus—(*To Jim*). Say, mister, yew jist want tew listen tew me naow. I've bin' dewin' s'more practicin', and I've gut it daown pat naow.

Jim—(*Amused*). Is that so?

Gus—Yew bet! Jist listen tew this. (*Gets upon a chair and covers JIM and KATE with pistol*). At last yew air diskivvered! Arter searching fur years and years, I've faound yew! And durn my hide, I'll git thet thousand dollars reward. Yew Jim Williams, the forger air my prizner.

Jim—(*Aghast*). The devil! What does this mean?

Kate—(*Aside to JIM*). Keep cool, don't give yourself away. This fool has hit upon it accidentally.

Jim—(*To GUS, forcing a laugh*). Very good, Gus, very good!

Gus—It be, be it? Waal, hyar's suthin' a whole lot better. Did yew ever hear of Bessie Clayton, the lost hearess? And dew yew 'member a sartin' plot of yours tew pass your friend, Flossie, as Bessie Clayton, and claim a fortune of one hun'ed thousand dollars?

Jim—(*Aghast*). Great Heavens!

Noel—Gus, stop this fule talk, yew air gettin' these people all worked up!

Jim—(*Aside to KATE*). This fool has trapped us.

Kate—Don't lose your nerve, he has no proof. Who would believe that half-witted fool?

Jim—(*To GUS*). You surely are improving, Gus. But there is one thing you must learn if you expect to be a great detective. That is, you must learn to find proof of what you say.

Gus—(*Excitedly*). Proof be damned! I've gut proofs 'nuff fur me. Thar be be five thousand dollars reward for the 'pearance of Bessie Clayton, and by jingoes thet reward belongs tew me!

Jim—What do you mean, you idiot?

Gus—I mean by gum, thet I've faound Bessie Clayton, the lost heiress, and thar she stands. (*Pointing to SADIE*).

Jim—(*Xes over and discovers the name on SADIE's back*). Damnation! It is Bessie Clayton!

Kate—Heavens the jig is up!

Noel—Say, what is all this fule talk abaout?

Kate—(*Aside to JIM*). The game is up. We might as well make a clean breast of the whole affair. Something might turn up, we might get a chance to escape before we reach the city.

Jim—You are right. (*To NOEL*). Mr. Watson, no doubt you have read about the reward for Jim Williams, the forger, in to-day's papers?

Noel—Yes, I did.

Jim—Well, I am Jim Williams. This fool, has in some mysterious way trapped us. What he has been saying is the truth. That girl is and heirsch to one hundred thousand dollars. It was our plan to pass off one of our accomplices as her, and claim the fortune. That is all I have to say. You are the constable, we give ourselves up. Come Kate, fate has dealt harshly with us this time, when a blundering farm-hand can trap us. Damn the luck!

Noel—Thar, thar, do some of thet swearing when yew air in jail. I'll jest lock yew two up in my strong room. I hed it fixed up fur purposes like this. Git in that.

(*Exeunt JIM and KATE L. 4*).

Noel—(*To Gus*). Gus, yew air a wonder. Thet's six thousand dollars you hev made, sides the fortune yew faound fur Sadie. Ha-ow did yew happen tew learn all this?

Gus—Yew see a while ago, I was lookin' fur a cool place to sit and read my novel, so I sits under the window thar, and I overheard 'em plannin' this hyar thing. And Sadie wanted me tew button up her new dress, so I seed the name on her back.

Sadie—Me, an heiress? Suthin's wrong, I'll wake up in a minute.

Noel—Yew air both rich naow. I s'pose I'll hev tew take a back seat.

Sadie—Fergit it, Mr. Watson, we ain't dat sort. Youse has bin er fadder ter me, and all de money cuts no figger in dis case, we'll stay wid youse as long as youse wish.

Noel—God bless yew both.

Gus—Wall, Sadie, what hev yew gut tew say, naow?

Sadie—(*Holding out her arms*). Gus, me hero, come ter me quick!

Gus—(*Embracing her*). Gosh, talk abaout hum' and mother.

Sadie—Gus, does yer love me?

*Gus*—Yew bet!

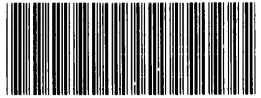
*Sadie*—Den button up me dress. (*Gus is buttoning her dress as curtain falls*).

—CURTAIN—

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